

Never Had A Bloody Nose by marleyyy

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Summary:

Eleven needs a gift for her fifth anniversary with Mike, Dustin loves Oprah, and Will is aromantic.

Never Had A Bloody Nose

BLEEH! BLEEH! BLEEH! Eleven smashed the snooze button. She hadn't slept very well last night, actually, she hadn't slept at all. Tomorrow was her and Mike's five year anniversary, and she had no idea what to get him. He was the first friend she made when she moved to Hawkins six years ago. They were just dorky tweens then, awkwardly trying to tell each other how they felt. She reminisced about their first snowball dance, and their first kiss. Them holding each other, swaying to the cheesy music.

"Let's go kid! I'm gonna be late for work unless we leave now!" her dad said, scrambling her thoughts.

Her dad wasn't really her dad, she was adopted. Jim Hopper, the police chief of Hawkins, was her "dad". Her real dad was an abusive dickhead, and her mom wasn't really in the picture. Hopper had lost his daughter when she was young, so they completed each other. Her real name was Jane Ives (well, Jane Hopper now) but the chief adopted her when she was eleven years old, so he nicknamed her Eleven.

She threw on a t-shirt and jeans, and pulled a flannel out of her closet. She glanced in the mirror for a second, not really caring what she looked like. That's the good thing about having short hair, you don't have to do much for it to look somewhat decent. She ran down the stairs and grabbed the two Eggos that Hopper had left for her in the toaster.

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Mike scarfed down a Poptart, grabbed his backpack, and threw it over his shoulder. He had forgotten about the AV club meeting that Mr Clarke scheduled before school on Friday, and he was running super late. Steve was in the car waiting with Lucas, Dustin and Will. He hopped in and Steve sped off, his friends yelling at him, angrily asking what took him so long.

As they were speeding down the road Dustin spotted Chief Hopper's car.

"Slow down, dipshit, there's a cop" Dustin snapped.

"Okay, okay, Jesus" Steve stammered.

Steve slowly passed by the cop, and Mike glued his eyes to the passenger seat of the car. There she was. Her slightly tangly hair framing her face, a sleepy gaze in her eyes.

Eleven. Even the sound of her name made Mike feel at home. He got her a really special gift for their fifth anniversary, and he knew she was gonna love it. Lucas gave him the idea for it a couple of months ago, and he has been aching to give it to her ever since.

When they arrived at school, Steve skidded to a stop and the all hopped out.

"Get out you nerds" Steve said jokingly. "I love you guys, have a good day at a school!"

God. Steve was such a mom.

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"BYE, STEVE"

Lucas slammed the car door shut, and the four boys sprinted through the school yard. They swung open the heavy front doors, and slid through the hallway until they found Mr. Clarke's room.

When the boys graduated from Hawkins middle, Mr. Clarke got a promotion to teach science at the highschool, so they were able to continue the AV Club there. The boys were really happy Mr. Clarke went with them, his knowledge of things like sensory deprivation tanks, and the "upside down" never ceased to amaze them.

When they walked in the room Max and Mr. Clarke were waiting, looking slightly annoyed.

“Sorry we’re late” Lucas panted, “It’s all Mike’s fault”.

“Hey!” Mike protested, “actually, yeah, he’s right, it was all me”

“It’s fine, but we have to hurry, we only have ten minutes till the bell rings”.

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Mr. Clarke walked out of the room and returned with a bag. He pulled something out of the bag, and set it on his desk. The boys rushed over and gasped with surprise.

“YOU GOT US A GAMEBOY?!” Dustin exclaimed.

“Ya” Mr Clarke chuckled. “It was \$150 so I need you guys to keep good care of it. Also, it has to stay at school, okay?”

“Okay!” the boys said in unison, nodding their heads excitedly.

Dustin would have to work non-stop at Benny’s to make 150 dollars. He could barely afford to play Dig Dug at the arcade.

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Max didn’t love the AV club. To be honest, she only came to the meetings because she liked to see Lucas be all cute and dorky. Most of the stuff, like the giant radio-looking thingy, didn’t interest her. She would usually sit back with Mr. Clarke and they would laugh at the boys excitement. Today, however, she shared their excitement. She had heard about Nintendo game boys, but never really seen one. They were only about a year old, and super expensive.

“I wanna play itttt” Will whined.

“I just got on it!” Lucas growled.

“Will, you already had a turn, I haven’t gotten to play it at all” Mike

complained.

“Ya, you guys should let Mike have a turn” Max said.

Just as Lucas reluctantly handed it to Mike, the school bell rang and they had to go to homeroom.

“Sorry, dude” Max said, attempting to cheer Mike up.

“It’s fine”, Mike sighed, “I’m sure I’ll get a turn tomorrow”

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Will sat in second period, sketching out a dragon. He was feeling kind of guilty for hogging the game boy this morning. He was being so selfish that he hadn’t even noticed Mike waiting for his turn.

“Hey, Will?” Lucas asked.

Will turned around to face Lucas. “What?”

“Ya, wanna see Alien with me tonight?”.

“Ya, sure”. Will turned around and continued drawing his dragon. He wondered if Lucas felt bad too.

“Do you think we were being really rude to Mike this morning?” he asked.

“No, I barely got any time with it eith-”

“MR SINCLAIR! MR BYERS! WHY ARE YOU TALKING WHILE I’M TEACHING” their English teacher roared.

“Sorry, ma’am”, the boys whimpered.

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Eleven sat in her chair fidgeting and tapping, searching her mind for

a gift for Mike. She had been dating him for five years, why didn't she know what to get him?

"Eleven!" Max screamed.

"What?" Eleven said, slightly annoyed.

"Your nose is bleeding" Max said, concern in her eyes.

"Oh" Eleven wiped the blood from her nose onto her shirt, "that happens when I think really hard, I have a vitamin deficiency, or something".

"Huh... I don't think I've ever gotten a bloody nose"

"Like..." Eleven paused, "in your whole life?"

"Ya"

The two girls stared at each other, and then busted out laughing.

"Wow, must be nice." Eleven said, still giggling.

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Mike had been thinking about giving Eleven her present all day. He was wondering if he should drop by her house at midnight, because then technically it would be their anniversary. His parents never seemed to care about where he was, or what he was doing, but Chief Hopper wasn't so lenient. Just as he was figuring out his game plan, the last bell rang and his classmates swarmed past him, anxious to start their weekends.

He walked outside, still thinking, when Lucas, Will, and Dustin walked up to him.

"Hey, Mike, do you wanna see Alien with us, tonight?" Lucas asked.

"Uh, I can't, I've got a thing" Mike said, not really paying attention.

“Ya, uh, I can’t go either. My mom said that she wanted me home by four” Dustin admitted.

“I guess It’s just Will and I then”, Lucas said, kind of disappointed.

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It’s not that Lucas didn’t want to go alone with Will, it was just weird for only a third of the party to go somewhere.

Lucas searched the school yard for Max. Him and Max had an on again, off again relationship, and they were off again right now. He didn’t know what would be weirder, going to the movies alone with Will, or with Will and his ex-girlfriend. He spotted Max talking to Eleven, and decided he would ask her. He and the three other boys walked over to the girls, interrupting their conversation.

“Hey, Max, you wanna see Alien with Will and I tonight?” Lucas asked hopefully.

“No, sorry, El and I are gonna go shopping” Max said.

“Oh, okay” Lucas said. Shopping? Since when did Max go shopping? She was a skater girl who wore vans and never brushed her hair. Why was she suddenly into shopping?

“Well, we gotta get going. Bye, guys” Max said.

“See ya” Eleven said, kissing Mike goodbye on the cheek.

They got in Max’s car, pulled out of the parking lot, and sped away. Dustin glanced at his watch.

“Uh, I should go too, my Mom will be expecting me” Dustin said.

“Ya, me too” Mike said. The two boys hopped on their bikes, and sped away.

Lucas and Will stood alone, staring at each other.

After a long pause, Will said, “Let’s go next weekend”.

“Ya, sounds good”, Lucas replied, feeling relieved.

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Dustin peddled as fast as he could home, and jingled his keys in the lock, until the door finally opened.

“Mom!” Dustin yelled “MOM!” No response.

“Yesss!” Dustin exclaimed. He was home alone. Every weekday at four, Oprah came on, and Dustin made sure to get home right in time for it. He leaped on the couch, and turned to Channel 33.

God. Dustin loved Oprah. She was so kind and generous, he wanted to be just like her when he grew up. He knew he could never tell anyone that though, or else he’d be the laughing stock of Hawkins. He didn’t even tell his mom, he knew she would spill to her friends.

He pulled a Three Musketeers Bar out of his backpack, and started eating it. God. Dustin loved nougat. Just as he started enjoying his nougat and Oprah, the phone rang.

“Ugh” Dustin groaned. He reluctantly got off the couch and walked to the phone.

“Hello?” he said, the irritation evident in his voice.

“Dustin, dude” Mike said, “ Should I go to El’s house at midnight, for our anniversary?”

“I’m in the middle of someth-”

“Please, I don’t know if I should or not.”

Dustin thought for a second. “Do it, but you have to distract Hopper somehow, ok I gotta go” Dustin hung up and continued his nougat and Oprah session.

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“So you got a bloody nose because you thought too hard about what you wanna get Mike? Wow, El, that’s so romantic” Max said, sarcastically.

“Shut up” Eleven chuckled. “But seriously, I have no idea what to get him.”

Both girls stared at the road, thinking. Max thought of all her memories of Mike, trying to find something he might want.

“You know what” Max said,”This morning Mike was really upset he didn’t get to play with the gameboy, what if you got him one of his own?”

“That’s a good idea but, there’s no way I can afford that” Eleven sighed.

“Maybe not a new one, but I bet we could find a used one for less money” Max suggested.

“What do you mean?” Eleven asked, confused on where you would find a used gameboy in her budget.

“Just trust me”

They drove and drove, until they came upon a small shop on the side of a gravel road. They walked in to find a room full of dinged up trinkets, toys, bikes, everything you could possibly think of. Max loved this place, every time she walked in it looked a little different.

“This is where I come to get my vans” Max said to Eleven. “Every time I come here, the owner, Paul, has new stuff people have donated”.

“Eyy! Max!” Paul said ,”I got two new pairs of shoes for ya”.

“Actually, I don’t need shoes today” Max answered. “You don’t happen to have a gameboy, do you?”

“Aha, you’re in luck” Paul said, scurrying out of the room.

He came back in the room holding the same white block Max had seen earlier that day.

“Paul!” Max exclaimed “You’re a saint! What’s the price?”

“Unfortunately, the lowest I can go is 60 bucks”

“Can you give us a moment?” Max pulled Eleven to the back of the store.

“Is that too much?” Max asked.

“Ya” Eleven frowned, “I only have 50”

“Ok, I’ll pay for the rest”

“No y-”

“Consider it my anniversary gift to you”.

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Will pulled out his drawing of a dragon, and started coloring it. He gave it a green head, a white-ish, gray-ish body, black legs and a black tail, blending the colors as he went. He remembered when he started drawing, his mom got him a giant crayon box for his eighth birthday. It was still the best birthday gift he had ever received.

“Ah, another aro dragon, I see?” Jonathan asked, looking over Will’s shoulder.

“Ya” Will responded. When he came out as aromantic a year ago, he was pleasantly surprised by how supportive his friends and family were. He had always known he was aro, but he didn’t know there was a word for it, or that other people felt the same way he did.

RING! RING !RING!

“Hello?” Will asked.

“Will! Are you still going to the movies with Lucas?” Mike asked, a sense of urgency in his voice.

“No, why?” Will asked, a little confused.

“Could you do me a favor, I want to surprise El tonight, but I don’t wanna get in trouble with Hopper. Could you distract him for me?” Mike pleaded.

“Uh, ya sure, I’ll do it”

“Yes!” Mike exclaimed, “William Byers, I LOVE YOU!”

He hung up the phone, slightly regretting saying yes. Hopper wasn’t a patient person, and he already thought Will was kind of a weirdo. But, he had already finished his dragon, so he didn’t have better plans for tonight. Besides, how could he say no, Mike was his squish.

Jonathan drove him to the Police Station, where he caught Hopper just as he was about to leave.

“Hey, Chief Hopper, can we talk” Will asked, realizing he hadn’t thought this through.

“Can you come back tomorrow, kid? I wanna go home” Hopper said.

“Uh, it’s just that, um” Will’s mind was racing trying to find something, “I WANNA BE A POLICE OFFICER! I, uh, I wanna know what I need to do, and what my day to day life would be like.”

“Oh” Hopper said looking just as surprised as Will was, “Really?”

Will put his hands in his pockets, “Yep”.

“Well why didn’t you just say so. You gotta couple hours?”

Will paused, regretting every decision he had ever made in his entire life. “Ya, sure, why not?”.

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Eleven started to get ready for bed, she changed into her pajamas, and brushed her teeth. Hopper was working late, again, so she put his food in fridge, and walked into her room.

taptap taap taptaptap

It was her and Mike's secret knock, it spelled "us" in morse code. She walked over to window, and opened her curtains to find a grinning Mike waiting for her on the other side.

"Mike, honey" Eleven said, "What are you doing here?"

"It's midnight", Mike exclaimed, "It's our anniversary!"

"Is that why Hopper's late tonight, is he in on this?" Eleven asked.

"Nah, Will's distracting him for me".

Eleven stared at him, adoration in her eyes. "Come in, you dork"

He crawled in, a white box in his right hand, and flowers in his left.

Eleven rushed to her desk, grabbed the gameboy, and put it behind her back. "Flowers? That's kinda cliché, and I don't really like cliché".

"Ya, I know, but they're the only thing in the world that comes close to being as pretty as you". Eleven rolled her eyes and smirked.

She motioned to the bed and they plopped down onto it. Eleven kept her hands behind her back, not wanting to spoil the surprise.

"Okay, I'll go first", she said, bringing the gameboy into Mike's view. His jaw dropped to the floor.

"How did you-, where did you-"

"Max hooked me up, she's got connections", Eleven said, happy he liked it. "Flip it over".

On the back there was a triangular heart carved into the plastic. Inside the heart it read: E + M

Mike leaped onto Eleven, squeezing her in a hug so tight she could barely breathe. Eleven had thought the gameboy was a little impersonal, it was more of a birthday gift, so she had Paul engrave it for her.

“Okay, my turn” Mike said, handing her the box.

She untied the bow, and shimmied open the lid. Inside was a red handkerchief. The word Nosebleeds sewed into the fabric, in black, cursive letters.

“It’s for when your nose bleeds, so you don’t have to wipe it on your shirt anymore!” Mike said, excitedly.

“Wow, thanks” Eleven said, trying to hide the disappointment she felt.

“I’m kidding, lift the handkerchief” Mike said.

Inside was white fluff, which surrounded two silver rings, each one with an infinity sign carved into the inside where the finger goes.

“MICHAEL!”

“Calm down, calm down, they’re just promise rings.” Mike smirked “I got them because- I know you’re the girl I wanna marry, just, not yet, obviously. Plus, we go to college in less than a year, so I thought it would be a special thing for us to have, to remind ourselves of each other. I know it’s cliché, but-“.

“I love it, I love cliché”

“YOU JUST SAID YOU DIDN’T LIKE CLICHE”

They both rolled over laughing. When they finally caught their breaths, they laid down on her bed. Eleven buried her face into Mike’s chest, and wrapped her arms around his waist. “I love you” she whispered.

“I love you too, becoming your friend was the best thing I’ve ever done. Well, it’s second to when I became Will’s friend in kindergarten.”

“Ya, Will is pretty great.”

Author's Note:

This is my first fanfic so give me feed back but, bE NICE IM SENSITIVE. Also, I know they fucking drove to school and biked home, but I didn't realize it until i started revising, so just ignore it, ok thanks.